Their seuerall counsailes they vnbooſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall,
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayde to talke and greete.
Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs toot?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend ſpeach render we no grace:
But while tis ſpoke each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the ſpeakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they wel mockt depart away with ſhame. *Sound Trom.*
Boy. The Trompet ſoundes, be maſkt, the maſkers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeach, and the reſt of the Lordes diſguyſed.

Page. *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*
Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Page. *A holy parcell of the fayreſt dames that euer turnd their backes to mortall viewes.*
The Ladyes turne their backes to him.
Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.*
Out
Boy. True, out in deede.
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirites vouchſafe*
Not to beholde.
Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.
Page. *Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boyet. They will not anſwere to that Epythat.
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.

Roſa.

Roſal. What would theſe ſtranges?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeake our language, tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.
Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.
King. Say to her we haue meaſurd many miles,
To treade a Meaſure with her on this graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſurd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aſke them how manie inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſured manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſurde miles,
And manie miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berow. Tell her we meaſure them by weerie ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How manie weerie ſteps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our ductie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are cloudes, to do as ſuch cloudes do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy Starrs to ſhine,
(Thoſe cloudes remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, begg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure, do but vouchſafe one change,